

## ON LEMURS AT MOROGORO, G.E.A.

BY ARTHUR LOVERIDGE

*June 9.*—Returning along the road at night, I heard a cry with which I am familiar. It is like the quacking of a duck, but a little more raucous; so that, hitherto, I had supposed it was made by a hornbill. Being a moonlight night, I stalked the creature, and, coming beneath the tree in which it was, found it to be a squirrel. The creature was very bold, and continued its cry without attempting to escape; it made another low throaty sound, not unlike the growling of a cat.

*October 8.*—Went in search of the lemurs that cry in the trees around here at nights, and shot four. Three were measured as follows:

*Male.*—Head and body, 12 ins.; tail, 14 ins.; hind foot, 3 ins.; ear,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  ins. This specimen had its stomach, and around the testes, full of worms—the latter may have escaped from bullet-holes that perforated the intestines.

*Male.*—Head and body, 11 ins.; tail, 15 ins.; hind foot,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins.; ear,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  ins.

*Female.*—Head and body, 12 ins.; tail,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  ins.; hind foot, 3 ins.; ear, 2 ins. This specimen had a well-developed young one in the uterus, with its head directed towards the Fallopian tubes.

*October 9.*—The natives told me that these lemurs are to be captured by putting *pombe* (native beer) in coco-nuts in trees which they frequent. The creature drinks until intoxicated, and if sought out early the following morning falls an easy prey, as its judgment for making the prodigious jumps, by which it would in ordinary circumstances escape, fails. Acting on this advice, I gave a boy half a rupee to get a bottle. He told me next morning that he found a lemur in the very top of the tree, but, as he was climbing up, it escaped to the next tree, where he threw stones at it, but it again got away.

Exactly how much truth there was in this story it would be hard to say ; but one thing was certain, and that was—the *pombe* was gone.

[The story is quite correct ; lemurs are often caught by this device.—EDITOR.]

*November 17.*—Shot a male. Head and body, 11 ins. ; tail, 15 ins. ; hind foot,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins. ; ear,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  ins. This was at 3 P.M., and the creature was crouching among a tangle of vegetation about twenty feet from the ground.

*November 18.*—Was told a lemur was asleep in the top-most branches of one of the acacia-trees which form an avenue along the roadside. As a native ascended the tree, the lemur awoke, and without delay bounded like a rubber ball into the next tree. Thus commenced a hunt which lasted fully half an hour, and ended in the lemur being shaken into the road, and I was able to clap a sack over it as it swarmed up the trunk of another tree. The campaign consisted of putting seven boys into different trees, and as the creature reached any one tree the boy in it shook the branches violently until the wearied lemur made for the next, where the process was repeated. At the outset, it gained a very large tree not unlike an elm, but which was fortunately bare of foliage. On a boy following it up to the top, it jumped off, and, sailing through the air with extended hands and feet, landed on the top of an acacia, twenty-five feet below, with perfect ease and grace.

*November 20.*—Whilst provided with jam, paupaw-fruit, leaves, and milk, the lemur attacked a 21-inch chameleon that I had in the same cage, and chewed its tail to a rag. The cage was 12 feet long, 6 feet high, and 7 feet wide. Gave lemur away.

*December 1.*—At 5 P.M. my native youth arrived exultantly with a small lemur no larger than a tennis-ball. Except for the long bushy tail and very human hands and feet, it is the living image of a furry teddy-bear. It sleeps curled up like a dormouse during the day, and is fed at dusk and daybreak on milk and sugar, which it licks from my finger-tip ; it has also eaten very small bits of date. Besides the cry of the adult, which it has made each time the mess-bugle has been blown, it makes a queer little noise not unlike the rattling of

peas in an empty pod; still more is it like the noise made by big longicorn beetles which rub their thorax against the elytra. This cry is apparently one of hunger or dissatisfaction.

The mother was in a euphorbia-tree; and when a native threw up some stones she escaped into another, leaving the young one, which clung the tighter to its branch. Seeing euphorbias are so rotten, my *toto* exhibited considerable pluck in swarming up some lianas and bringing the lemur down. I set off at once, as the spot was only 300 yards from my tent. I shot both male (head and body, 10 ins.; tail, 13 ins.; hind foot,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins.; ear,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  ins.) and female (head and body, 11 ins.; tail, 13 ins.; hind foot,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins.; ear,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  ins.), which were hiding in dense patches of parasitic vegetation on adjacent trees.

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## GAME-NETTING IN UZIGUA

BY D. K. S. GRANT

While at Handeni in German East Africa, in the capacity of Assistant Political Officer, I was frequently asked by Wazigua natives if the new *Serkali* had any objections to the revival of their *paa* drives—a practice which, they told me, the German Government had forbidden. *Paa* is the Swahili word for the Neotragus, or *dik-dik*.

The persistence of the people aroused my interest in the matter, and I accordingly told a neighbouring *jumbi* (a small chief) to arrange a drive for me to watch, in order that I might form an opinion as to the desirability, or the reverse, of granting the much-desired permission throughout the area under my charge.

Uzigua, the country round Handeni Station, is very poorly watered and almost entirely covered with dense bush, in which dwarf antelope of several species abound.

The following morning, I accompanied a crowd of old men and boys to the particular place of bush chosen for the day's operations.